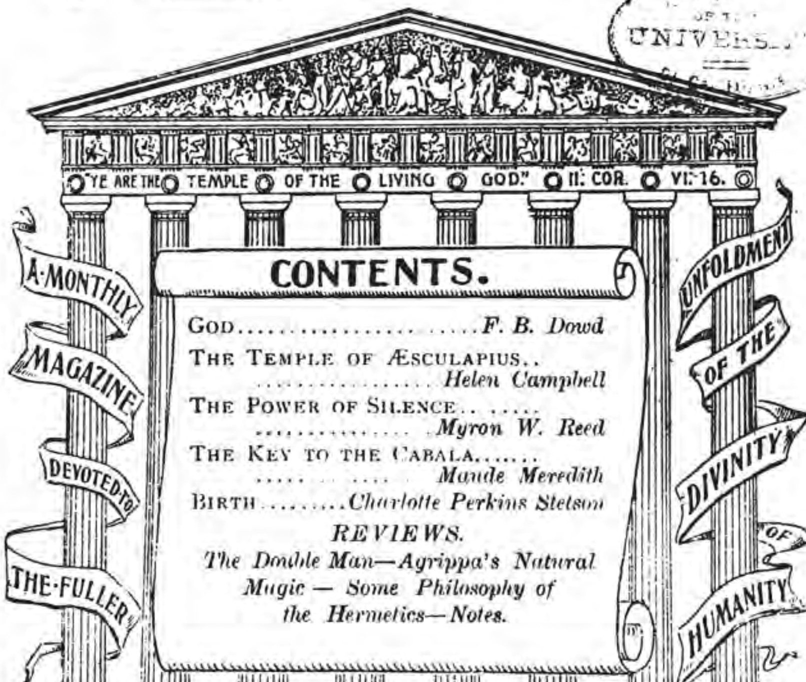
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CONTENTS.

PUBLISHED BY
THE TEMPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY
DENVER .... COLORADO

Vol. 2. JUNE, 1898. No. 6.

ENTERED AT DENVER POST OFFICE AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

GOD.

BY F. B. DOWD.

WHO, what and where is God? It may be folly to essay investigation into that which is beyond the power of thought to master, but the very fact of the question demonstrates that some answer is possible. Even if the answer be beyond our power of thought to-day, the mind grows stronger from each effort after knowledge and expression, however ephemeral the satisfaction may be. The muscles of the infant's hands, at first tremulous with feebleness, grasp at length the object of its efforts, only to cast it aside for some more glittering toy.

All knowledge is relative; absolute knowledge is impossible. All we can know is the relationship existing between things. We are *things*, and if God be a thing He is one of us and we can greet Him as Father Mother, Brother. So the

question is pertinent and vital: Who, what, and where is God? It is vital because we grow to be like what we conceive God to be.

Paul says: "As a man thinketh, so is he," a truth which the world is fast receiving, and Jesus asserts that belief is the seed of immortality; but we are so constituted that some sort of evidence must precede belief. The nature of our evidence, then, determines what kind of God we believe in. If we believe in a Father who, as Jesus taught, is most intimately related to us; — that He is, in fact, a member of the family, He will assuredly reveal Himself through some of the many attributes which characterize us in common with Him. God is Infinity, Omnipotence, Omniscience, Omnipresence; we cannot predicate attributes of Infinity, and the impossibility of harmonizing the finite conceptions of man with that which is All, not particled, nor separated into specific manifestation, is apparent without much thought. Therefore, all that we can know of Him we must find in ourselves. The finite can know the Infinite only through finite relationships.

The attributes which man predicates of God belong to himself, and are perfectly

consistent in him as a changeable being, but impossible to Infinity, Omnipotence, Omniscience, Omnipresence. If love is an attribute of God, its opposite must also belong to His nature, but it is preposterous to ascribe fear, jealousy, envy and malice to Him. Attributes belong to humanity; they are merely means whereby the All-God reveals Himself to and through us: trumpets are they through which His voice is heard urging us to labor and to thought. Each attribute demands attentention and service from us and each is of value according to our condition and development. Thus: fear is the Voice of God in us warning us of danger; hope is the word of cheer; reverence, the invitation, "Come closer, my son." Anger urges to self-preservation; love calls us up higher, to the plane of providence, the care of others the joy of heaven. All these attributes are God teaching, urging, commanding, persuading, warning and luring man to a higher plane of thought and action.

But where is God, that His voice should sound in each and every one of us? He is within humanity in each member of the human family, for He is Omnipresence. He is Spirit, a personality in every person. What manner of being do you

make him in your thought? Remember, "as a man thinketh, so is he," and as your thought, so will be your acts. If you think your anger comes from a devil, you are right. It is the devil you are within yourself. God dwells within you; you are His temple, in which He delights to dwell. Within you He becomes personal; He moulds and fashions you to godlikeness, or you mould and fashion him into the devil you yourself are. By virtue of His power you are free "to be or not to be." Free to create by your thought gods or devils, heavens or hells, happiness or misery.

There are no boundaries to the imagination of man. "God saw that the *imagination* of man's heart was evil, and that continually." Why did the writer of Genesis allude to the imagination? Because it is the creative faculty of the soul. Imagination leads everywhere and anywhere; it has created a dense wilderness of habits whose allurement and intoxication lead the soul into darkness and misery, in which it gropes its uncertain way to loss and defeat.

Nothing can be absolutely lost in Infinity and Omnipresence, but the soul may lose consciousness of itself in the habits of its own creation,—it may become lost

in its own conceits. You are *God of your own universe.* Why? Because, as an atom, you are as perfect and as important as the All from which you are inseparable, even in thought. You are your own savior, for only *those who believe on him* are saved by Jesus. Thus salvation becomes yours only through your own act. Repentance and faith are states of mind which must precede salvation. Why preach to the sinner if salvation is not his own work? His consent to be saved is a mental act, without which salvation is impossible.

Work is nature's command: Feed yourself, or go hungry; conform to nature's laws, or suffer. The tables of Infinity are laden with all manner of good, and the invitation is extended to all mankind to partake; but no one will be forced to eat or drink against his will.

But of what shall we partake that we may live and not die? This question rouses the best thought of the ablest minds. The conclusions at which they arrive are widely at variance, but all thought is in itself a way leading towards the truth. Since mind is the controlling element, distinguishing man from the brute, it is mind that must lead in the Regeneration. Adam is Generation, which is instinctive, without thought, not under

the law of mind; Christ is Regeneration, mind, "a quickening spirit," the Winged Spirit of Thought. What is that which stirs the soul, rouses emotion, purifies, elevates, ennobles, rounding out the perfect figure of true manhood and womanhood? Thought, and thought alone. It frees the soul from the slavery of habits. Guided by love, it thrills the entire being and becomes a fire which devours lust and envy, cruelty and wrong.

God is love, and the regenerated soul is in and of Him, a commingling of spirit in which it is impossible to separate the homogeneous elements.

Do you love Love above all? Then your life is blameless, free from reproach, filled with gentleness and kindness, void of censure and harsh judgments.

The soul that finds its field of exercise on the generative plane,—the plane of wealth, honor, glory, society, material things and allurements of the senses,—is in the grasp of the generative love, which stirs the soul like a troubled sea, which has no rest, and whose scorching fires must go out in disease and death. The god of such souls is material, changeable, ephemeral, because He is made up in their thought of that which is really lower than themselves; rubbish that drifts

upon the tide of time, as the froth of ocean drifts along the shore. What can such a god bestow? He will take a form; He will be a Father, or an Elder Brother, or a being of passions, of wrath and jealousy. Because God thus has form in the mind, the worship will be formal,—in the letter rather than in the spirit. Who loves or worships a universal father, the father of harlots and murderers, the father of war, violence and bloodshed? No, when we particle Him we limit Him; Infinity cannot be *a father*, except as the parental manifests in us.

We do not ask, "What is truth?" but accept without question the forms and ceremonies, together with the habits of thought of our ancestors. Their holy books are sacred, their sermons and prayers models which it is sacreligious to alter or improve. We imagine the spirit that heals and saves is in some far off God, the salvation in some distant place and time, some other mode of existence. This is the habitual thought of the world of Generation, but Regeneration affirms that God,—salvation and freedom from the bondage of habits,—is here and now.

Eternity has no beginning, nor end; it is not measured by cycles or epochs, by years and days; it is forever NOW, and

ever God's time,—the time of the spirit, which has neither age nor change. God loves, as we love, by giving Himself to the things He has made; for love is the outgushing of one soul to meet another soul. The union of two souls in one completes the circle of Generation and ushers in the new cycle of Regeneration. God gives Himself to the things He has made, and we give ourselves to the things we have made; we make consciously only the things we love. There is but one law of love,—to serve, to give, to enfold and become one. This is the law of life and of being.

Infinity is All; is God; if love be God, then Love is Infinity, and all things spring from it. Our passions are a form of its expression; we know it only through feeling, emotion, some strange thrill in the nerves, a quickening of the pulse, a fluttering of the heart. These are signs of His presence, who is the Life, the Savior, the Ruler of all. *He is all;* at once the center and circumference of Being. In us He is *Self-love;* as self He is the center of our being, protecting, preserving, guiding, uplifting. Springing from the same source is the positive and negative force: the two in one, which manifest in opposition to each other. The negative female manifestation gathers to

combine; the positive male manifestation grasps to hold, to have, to own. As man, it subdues and conquers all things, even the correlative manifestation, the woman. This force, with its two poles, is the actuating principle of all living things. From the male or positive manifestation comes love of self, which causes jealousy, violence, passion, hatred, envy and malice. From this root spring all the crimes that disfigure human society. The desire to get, to keep, to own, and to be, in a selfish way, is the fertile parent of the degradation of the race. The negative female manifestation is, on the contrary, the unselfish love of good, the conserving principle in the world of morals. These two should be balanced and equal in development, but instead the male force has preponderated and has subdued and appropriated the female. No wonder Jesus exclaimed: "Except a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of God!" (Love). And that other saying, "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven," is aimed directly at the getting and owning spirit. The harmonious play of the two elements of force makes the well balanced human being. To love the good

with the whole mind, might and strength is the true feminine love, and Jesus rated it higher than the male love of self, or even the love of others.

If God is love, then love is not an attribute, but is the real being, Infinity itself; and to speak of God's love is reducing love to a possession of a being who may dispossess Himself of it, if he is Omnipotence, and thus become a *loveless* Infinity.

The human soul also is love, the center of conscious life and emotion. Its changeless substance is capable of transmuting all things into itself; it is the Philosopher's Stone. To come into conscious knowledge of its forces is to become immortal, even in these bodies,—although this knowledge for most is now hidden under the rubbish of material life.

We know the body, the mind and the spirit (breath), which ascends like a vapor; but who may declare the hiding place of the soul, its form, its elements, its source or its ultimate destiny? Does it create the man, or is he the creator of his soul?

The soul is not a thing, subject to the laws of Generation, neither can it be Regenerated: but each of us, as human beings, is a compound of elements and instincts organized under the law of Gen-

eration. These elements in activity are not harmonious; even the male and female principles oppose each other, and unrest, conflict and turbulence are the result, both in mind and body. *Regeneration is the harmonizing power through thought quickened by the imagination.* That which is fraught with ruin to mankind is also the means of salvation. It is the image-making power of the mind and leads the loves, clothing in garments of radiant beauty things otherwise repulsive. It creates in the loved object mental and moral qualities which disappear under the searchlight of experience; but the mind becomes more luminous, even through love for our disrobed idols.

Affection is the beginning of love, the tiny spark in the soul nature which may burst into the glowing flame of Love. To thrive, the child must have its toys. Affection marks the childhood of the being; but one should hesitate and be certain of maturity before casting aside the toy. To crush the germ may leave the nature barren, an arid waste where no living love will flourish. Affection, and its passion, buds and blossoms into the love of one soul for another. We shall have lived in vain until we shall have learned that force is not-creative.

Compare the cyclone with the gentle sunlight, or the swift-rolling cloudburst with the tears the stars shed at night; note the creative power of a smile, the beauty of the flowers, the influence of harmonious dress, and compare these with rude, boisterous laughter, forbidding frowns and angry clamor that shuts the door of the sensitive soul.

Violence is never creative, but Generation follows swiftly upon its track. It is the sunshine after the storm that creates and recreates; volcanic upheavals, earthquake shocks, the rending lightning are nature's passions, preparing the way for the new,—the effect of the masculine force in nature. This force is the first-born of Adam, namely, Cain, who was a murderer from the beginning, and who is still the synonym for violence and destruction.

As affection is the root of love, so its first fruit is passion, or Sex Love, which, if not turned from its true course, evolves into Conjugal Love.

As two bodies must contact each other in the production of our kind, so in the creation of a truly spiritual being two souls must coalesce, and such unions bring forth progeny as much man's superior as he is above the ape. The king-

dom of heaven is within, but no man can enter it alone, for to enter into it he must go with Love, and Love is God. Where within is this kingdom? It is in the soul, and the mind must find the soul and learn to know its monitions before that kingdom can be entered. The soul is found when its quenchless fire is manifested in the breast. This is Regeneration begun,—a startling fact demonstrated by many. One must first enter into Love (God), before he can be born of God (Love). The soul is Love, and can give birth only to its own kind. To know love it must be felt. One cannot *think* love.

On the Generative plane we do not enter into love; it enters into us and thus we feel and know it, and it is limited only by our narrowness. But to enter into love is a very different matter; we are free of the universe which throbs and pulsates in every atom over the birth of a soul; the heavens rejoice, and the lost soul finds itself in God. All who have experienced love, even on the generative plane, have had a foretaste of heaven; but, alas! only a taste, and even that may not be prolonged. We have taken a step on the road to Regeneration; only to plunge headlong back into the turmoil and struggle of the material, to grow as

best we can. But the experience ever after remains in the soul, an echo of some inconceivable bliss, awaiting those who master life and return to love (God) after many days.

Those who have truly entered into Love are henceforth a power in the world. The sparkling eye, the gentle manner, the melodious speech belong to them. A look often conveys a volume of meaning, and their silence is pregnant with suggestive thought, while their simple presence is a benediction.

BIRTH.

Lord, I am born!
I have built me a body
Whose ways are all open,
Whose currents are free,
From the life that is Thine
Flowing ever in me,
To the life that is mine
Flowing outward through me.

I am clothed, and my raiment
Fits smooth to the spirit,
The soul moves unhindered,
The body is free;
And the thought that my body
Falls short of expressing
In texture and color,
Unfoldeth on me.

I am housed, O, my Father!
My body is sheltered,
My spirit has room
'Twixt the whole world and me.
I am guarded with beauty and strength,
And within it
Is room for still union,
And birth floweth free.

And the union and birth
Of the house ever growing
Have built me a city—
Have born me a state—
Where I live manifold,
Many-voiced, many-hearted,
Never dead, never weary,
And oh! never parted!
The life of The Human,
So subtle—so great!

Lord, I am born!
From inmost to outmost
The ways are all open—
The currents run free—
From thy voice in my soul
To my joy in the people—
I thank thee, O God,
For this body thou gavest,
Which enfoldeth the earth—
Is enfolded by Thee!

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

THE TEMPLE OF ÆSCULAPIUS.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

There is hardly a vestige of it to-day, but as late as the reign of Marcus Aurelius it rose, fair and still, in the green hills of Etruria,—a great college—a hospital—a monastery, where the priests of the mild and helpful god studied the secrets hidden in plant and mineral and all earth forces, believing that "all the maladies of the soul might be reached through the subtle gateways of the body." Esculapius himself had become a God, leaving his many sons to continue his direct work on earth. But the time came when they too were to be transformed into healing dreams, or, as an early record has it:

"For they were now grown too glorious to abide longer among men, and so with the aid of their sire they put away their mortal bodies and came into another country, yet not indeed into the Islands of the Blest. But being made eke to the immortal gods, they began to pass about through the world, changed thus far from their first form, that they appear eternally young, as many persons have seen them in many places, ministers and heralds of their father, passing to and fro over the earth like gliding stars."

Their story was sculptured on the walls of the beautiful temple, and standing before the altar every pilgrim who had drunk of the healing waters, and been granted a dream, the gift of the invisibles, recited the collect taught them by the priests,—a prayer hardly less beautiful than the immortal one of Socrates.

"Oh ye children of Apollo! who in time past have stilled the waves of sorrow for many people, lighting

up a lamp of safety before those who travel by sea and land; be pleased, in your great condescension, though ye be equal in glory with your elder brethren, the Dioscuri, and your lot in immortal youth be as theirs, to accept this prayer, which in sleep and vision you have inspired. Order it aright, I pray you, according to your loving kindness to men. Preserve me from sickness, and endue my body with such a measure of health as may suffice it for the obeying of the spirit, that I may pass my days unhindered and in quietness."

Indianapolis Sentinel:

"The Living Christ" is claimed to be an exposition of a new gospel, or, probably the author would call it a new exposition of an old gospel. The volume contains a series of Lenten lectures by Paul Tyner of Denver, Colorado. The reader should begin at the first part of the volume instead of at the end unless he happens to live in Denver, because this prophet says that Christ in his second coming and his new government will have its center and headquarters in Denver; that there the city of God, descending out of Heaven, will find earthly place; there the throne of Christ will be set up. This prophet should receive honor at least in his own country, yet it cannot be doubted that people living in Indianapolis and other ambitious cities will be considerably disappointed. But when the facts are all learned the critic will come to know that Paul Tyner is an earnest advocate of religious reform and revival and a prolific speaker and writer.

THE VALUE OF SILENCE.

BY MYRON W. REED.

It is a time to think and do and to talk as little as possible. The great talkers are never great doers. Napoleon, Wellington and Bismarck have had a great capacity for silence. The coming preacher will perhaps have something to say once a month. People are to read more, think more, and listen less. People are to become self-centered. We have been living on words, phrases, tradition. There are some people alive going about and taking notice of things who believe in hell,—not for an inhuman church member, but for the man who does not believe that the English Bible is the word of God from "kiver to kiver." The binding is inspired — the punctuation inspired. We are through with evangelists out in this country. The true church in this country is not now run by a lot of usurers and bank wreckers. There is some incredulity as to foreign missions and men who talk in prayer meeting about "following Jesus." The thing has become nauseating.

You have so much force; do not expend this vital reserve on idle words. Many an invalid has been talked to death in this town. His death prophesied. Do not do that any more. The minute your word goes out it goes into the general atmosphere—it makes an impression. One of the best and kindest women I know says of any one sick he is "very low." When he gets well she is rather disappointed. Quit that thing —thoughts are things. You make the boy of the neighborhood understand that he is a bad boy and he will fill the bill. Think people up. The whole business is all in the mind. Here is a man, a boor, no gentleman, as ignorant as a broncho and as brutal. All he needs is time. By and by he will be good company for St. John. By and by may mean a couple of million years. We are told in the Bible we shall render an account of every "idle word." Anything spoken vibrates and registers. We are not enough aware how sensitive this universe is.

THE KEY TO THE MYSTERIES.

BY MAUDE MEREDITH.

If the Cabala holds the wisdom of the past, why is it not so clearly worded that "he who runs may read?" Of what avail is wisdom if it be so swathed in symbolism as to be unintelligible? Shall I tell you? The meaning was hidden from the unlearned in order that the learned might have the greater power. All that is needed is to have the key. Wisdom reveals itself only to wisdom.

Why, if the Bible is to be our rule of life, is it not given to us in a plain, straightforward manner; a truth stated, and left without contradiction? There is hardly a single passage in the Bible that is not to all appearances flatly contradicted in some other passage. The Bible, it is true, is a collection of books and writings by many authors, made at different periods, mostly the opinions of men according to the light they had, to which they sought to give weight by adding "Thus saith the Lord,"—unless, indeed, these assertions are interpolated. We owe more of the bungling and mystification in the Bible to the interpolators than to the original writers. To this translators have added their coloring, until now we have an almost hopeless jumble of contradictions.

Yet there is a key even to this. It is the same key that unlocks the Cabala, that makes plain all the various religions that have ever been on earth. And this key at the same time removes all doubts of God and gives us more faith in the reasonableness of man.

The meaning of the Bible has been so long hidden that the spirit, the veiled meaning was almost entirely lost, and to-day the teachers know no more than the laymen, and a dreadful muddle they are making of it.

And yet the key remains, forever fixed in the heavens, and the wise are turning back to read its meanings. Beautiful and grand they are, forever the same from everlasting to everlasting.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE DOUBLE MAN.

From the gods of Olympus to Kipling's "Jungle people," truths as to man's nature and powers of priceless importance in their influence on his growth and destiny have been given to the world in the guise of fiction. Myth and allegory, fable and folk-lore of all lands and ages are to-day the fertile field of learned study and examination. Known to the masses of men simply as a brilliant novelist, Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, was known to his intimates as a Rosicrucian, whose life was given to the mastery of occult learning and powers. Those fascinating romances, "Zanoni," "The Coming Race" and "A Strange Story," which have delighted two generations of English speaking people, we are now beginning to realize, were but the revelation to the story-loving children of men of truths of deepest import that have been treasured by the Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross through the centuries. "Night after night," once said the late Laurence Oliphant to the writer, "have I spent with Bulwer in his library at Knebworth, discussing the arcane knowledge contained in certain ancient and treasured manuscripts. From books the talk was led to those enduring realities men call the mysteries, and which to most of us are matters only for curious speculation: the elixir of life, the philosopher's stone, transmutation of metals, eternal youth, projection of the double at will to the practical annihilation of time and space,—until at last, as I listened, the wonder of the man's power and illumination grew upon me and I felt convinced that I indeed stood in the presence of a master,—the living original of that weird and marvelous

character he had named 'Zanoni' in the story which all England and America was then talking about. I asked him why he did not give to the world the profounder philosophy and the more splendid science he had made his own. 'I am giving much of what I know to the world,' he answered, pointing to his novels, 'in the only form in which new truth finds ready and wide acceptance among men.'"

So, in the volume before us, F. B. Dowd, another brother of the Order of the Rosy Cross and its messenger to the America of our day, as Bulwer was to the England of a generation ago, has written a story of his own time and country—a genuine American novel of rare power, charm and originality, which embodies a new dispensation to mankind from those treasures of knowledge regarding man's higher nature and powers so carefully garnered and guarded by the Brotherhood from generation to generation through many centuries. American as to scenes and characters, and so filled with that enchantment which, as Tolstoi, Zola and Howells have shown us, inheres in the realism of the near and familiar, rather than in the distant and shadowy, "The Double Man" is also racy of the soil in its underlying spirit and motif. These are distinctly related to the movement of modern spiritualism and its opening up of that realm beyond the veil of the material, which is daily becoming less and less an "undiscovered country." Truth stranger than fiction must needs wear fiction's apparel, if it would not be "caviare to the general;" and this is especially the case in the tales of a traveller returning from that bourne which Hamlet conjectured had entrance but no exit.

The story of "The Double Man" is as fascinating as anything Bulwer ever wrote, and far more weird, for it carries the reader most companionably into the remote interior of that wonderland whose outer boundaries only were touched in the English Rosicrucian's romances. At points, the narrative becomes intensely dramatic and thrilling; the author's descriptive powers are equal to the demand made by scenes and situations entirely out of

the ordinary range of the novelist, while there is love and adventure enough to satisfy either romanticist or realist. Rare indeed is the power to so picture the progress of a human soul in pursuit of the higher knowledge that not merely readers already far advanced on the path, but also those to whose eyes it is still unrevealed shall feel its inspiration and its power. (Temple Publishing Co., Masonic Temple, Denver, Colo.; 8vo, 340 pp., cloth $1.00, paper 50 cents.)

AGRIPPA'S OCCULT PHILOSOPHY. "The New Thought" seems to be no exception to the rule that "there is nothing new under the sun." However belated our recognition and practical application may be, evidence multiplies that that the thought itself is of a venerable antiquity. Significant, indeed, of the dawning of the new age whose golden glory succeeds the black night of materialism, is the republication at this time in America of Henry Cornelius's Agrippa's "Occult Philosophy." The work is aptly described by the author in a letter to the Archbishop of Cologne as "a new work of most ancient and abstruse learning; a doctrine of antiquity, by none, I dare say, hitherto attempted to be restored." This was in 1531, and it will be found almost as new to the reading world of our day as it was to that of four centuries and a half ago. Written in Latin in 1509-10, and first published in 1533, the work commanded remarkable attention among the scholars of that age, not only for the profundity of its learning, but even more for the boldness and skill with which Agrippa showed the true place of Christianity as a world religion standing, not separate and apart, but flowing naturally from the ancient philosophy of the Hebrews and the Greeks. In its particular field, the work may be regarded as a product of the marvelous revival of the old learning that marked the time. Then, as now, things long hidden were revealed on every hand; for it was the epoch of Shakespeare and Columbus, Bacon and Martin Luther. Henry Morley indeed says of Agrippa: "We

have in him the Attic Moses, Plato, speaking again through a young and strong heart to the world." Certainly he adopted Plato's belief that "with God all things are possible. In God all things consist. The world is animated by a moving soul, and from the soul of the world I will look up to its Creator. I will animate with my own soul, and a faith in its divine origin, the world about me. I subdue matter to spirit, I will see true knowledge in apparent foolishness, and connect the meanest clod with its divine Creator."

Platonic, undoubtedly, is the knowledge and the message of Cornelius Agrippa, but only as Plato voiced the Spirit of Truth, which in every age appeals to men yearning for escape from the delusions of grosser sense and the restrictions set by the rabble on free inquiry. Agrippa was in no sense an imitator. Great as was the influence on his mind of the newly recovered Greek learning, we have abundant evidence in the present volume,—which treats particularly of "Natural Magic,"—that this young sixteenth century philosopher drew most of his inspiration from the Hebrew Cabala. He held the only key which may unlock the secrets of the Cabala and the secrets of nature—a well rounded and developed individuality. In thought, in method, in style, the book is Cabalistic. And this means that, penetrating beneath the surface, Agrippa's divinely enlightened understanding perceived and brought from the depths treasures of wisdom, setting them forth for the enlightenment of the ignorant, "not only clearly and truly," to use the quaint phrase of his friend, the Abbott Trithemius, "but also properly and elegantly." His object was "to recover the sublime and sacred discipline of the art of Magic from the errors of impiety; purify and adorn it with its proper luster, and vindicate it from the injuries of calumniators." In his address to the reader Agrippa reminds us that "a Magician doth not, amongst learned men, signify a sorcerer or one that is superstitious or devilish; but a wise man, a priest, a prophet; and that the sybils were magicians, and therefore prophesied most clearly of Christ; and that Magicians, as

wise men, by the wonderful secrets of the world, knew Christ, the author of the world, to be born, and came first of all to worship him."

There are several chapters in the book which, to the modern mind, must seem like a farrago of arrant nonsense; such, for instance, as that relating to the strange properties or charms connected with the skin of the civet cat's forehead, the tongue of a dog, or the bones of a red frog. The author indeed tells us that the book is to be read with discretion, passing over things that do not appeal to us, but not refusing the other things on that account. "Magic," he says, "teacheth many superfluous things, and curious prodigies for ostentation; leave them as empty things, yet be not ignorant of their causes." Many things are written, he admonishes the reader, rather narratively than affirmatively. Discerning readers will find in Professor Whitehead's inclusion of these chapters one mark of his eminent fitness for the task of editing the present reprint of the edition of 1651. The narration of these curious "superstitions" of the ancients and of his own time—some of which indeed survive among people of various countries to this day,—are found to be not without justification as symbols and kindergarten object lessons, when we come to Agrippa's elucidation of "The Virtues of Things by Way of Similitude." Here we are told that the occult propensities in things are not from the nature of the elements, but infused from above, hid from our senses and scarce at last known by our reason. "Everything moves and turns itself to its like, and inclines that to itself with all its might, as well in property, viz., Occult Virtue, as in quality, viz., Elementary Virtue. So fire moves to fire and water moves to water, and he that is bold moves to boldness." All things are linked together and to the First Cause, by a chain of correspondences. "Divinity is annexed to the mind, the mind to the intellect, the intellect to the intention,

the intention to the imagination, the imagination to the senses, and the senses at last to things. For this is the bond and continuity of nature, that all superior virtue doth flow through every inferior with a long and continued series, dispersing its rays even to the very last things; and inferiors, through their superiors, come to the very Supreme of All."

Here we have a concise statement of the basis and consequences of the monistic philosophy, which has so lately come into commanding attention through advances in the physical sciences which make a science of religion and a religion of science possible. Mental scientists will also be reminded of Horatio Dresser's argument in "The Perfect Silence." In the opening chapter is announced the great truth that "The Very Original and Chief Worker of All doth......convey from Himself the Virtues of His Omnipotency upon us," and that "it should be possible for us to ascend to the Maker of all things." Further on, the nature of all ideas is stated to be in very goodness itself, *i. e.*, God, by way of cause, and an IDEA is defined to be a form above bodies, souls, minds, one, simple, pure, immutable, indivisible, incorporeal and eternal." Here again surely is recognition of the true basis of all metaphysical healing, which is, in our own time, receiving such expansion and practical application. Not less faintly are shadowed forth these recent discoveries in the field of psychological physiology, which such scientists as Galton, Ellis, James and Gates have evidently reached by another road than that travelled by Cornelius Agrippa. And who was the author of this ancient and fascinating book? The scion of a noble German house, Henry Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim, was born at Cologne in 1486, displayed a remarkable aptitude for learning at an early age, served several years as a soldier and was attached to the staff of the Emperor Maximilian. While engaged in the diplomatic service of the German emperor and at the same time attending the Uni-

versity of Paris, Agrippa wrote the "Three Books of Occult Philosophy," of which the present volume on "Natural Magic" is the first, and which is to be followed by the second and third volumes dealing respectively with Celestial and Ceremonial Magic. He was then about twenty-four years old, and it is significant that his work was not published until twenty years after, and then only the first volume, which, strangely enough, obtained the sanction of the Roman Catholic church. What is of especial significance is that during this same time, in Paris, Agrippa became an initiate of the Rosicrucian Brotherhood, comin thus into close association with a notable band of mystics, Italian, French and German,—Christian Caballists, they have been called. Consecrated to the search for truth, and the advancement of humanity, it is more than matter of conjecture that in these Rosicrucian councils was laid the train that was fired a generation later in the Reformation. Is it not also suggestive of the special activity of the Silent Brothers in every great crisis of humanity's struggle towards freedom, that Agrippa's Occult Philosophy first saw the light in its complete form in an English translation published in London on the eve of the great English revolution which dealt a death blow to "the divine right of kings," and that in 1751 a French translation heralded the French revolution? Agrippa brought down upon his devoted head the censure and condemnation of the priesthood, whose corruption he satirized and exposed, so that he was adjudged a heretic. Nevertheless his scholarship and ability won him recognition in the shape of a doctorate of law, knighthood and the appointment of Counsellor to the Emperor Charles V., and Judge of the Prerogative Court. Henry Morley, the eminent English scholar, a digest of whose excellent life of Agrippa is included in the present volume, said of him: "He secured the best honors attainable in arts and arms; was acquainted with eight languages, being the master of

six. His natural bent had been from early youth a consideration of Divine Mysteries. To learn these and teach them to others had been his chief ambition. He is distinguished among the learned for his cultivation of occult philosophy." Such are the titles to consideration which this author presents—credentials which his work amply corroborates.

Professor Willis F. Whitehead has done his work thoroughly, not only in his revision of the text of the 1651 edition after comparison with the original Latin, but even more especially in his supplementary chapters containing biographical notices of the author, an exposition of the Cabala with a new table, Order of Empyrean Heaven and the Magic Mirror. This last contains full and explicit instructions for the preparation of the magic mirror, a secret not usually given to the public, but which is now probably guarded in an occult way from abuse, especially as it is accompanied by a "Message to Mystics," in which the editor makes a simple but impressive appeal to every soul aspiring to do his part in co-operation with the Brotherhood in bringing in the reign of Justice, Truth and Goodness on earth. The book is gotten up in a style dignified and fitting, being a royal octavo of 288 broad margined pages embellished with a portrait of Agrippa and numerous other illustrations, and bound in quiet gray cloth with gilt top. (Price $5. Hahn & Whitehead, Chicago. The Temple Publishing Company, Denver.)

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE HERMETICS.

And here we have this old philosophy of the Magi—the old which is ever new—in most modern shape. Two dozen veritable prose poems beautifully printed on liberal margined deckle edge paper, deal directly and brilliantly with such topics as Philosophy, Faith, Concentration, Imagination, Death, The Dev-

il, Adonai, Magic. The volume is issued by authority of a mystic brotherhood, not named on the title page, but indicated by a symbol which the initiated and illuminated will recognize. Deep thought and an epigrammatic style that stirs and holds the reader's interest, gathering force and fascination with every sentence, are here united to good purpose. The precious little volume comes from Southern California. But that is not the only reason it reminds one of Point Loma's lights as watched from Coronado Beach in the dusk and stillness of a summer night,—red and white flashes appearing and disappearing through the gloom across the purple waters of the Pacific. "Secret Grief," for instance, strikes one like the punctuating gloom between the flashes. "One Day" and "Practice" suggest the rosy glimmerings that warm and cheer, while such chapters as "Philosophy," "Adonai" and "The Book of Revelation" shine into the soul with vivid white illumination. To change the figure, Wagnerian heights and depths of motif are presented in a staccato movement played with steady and certain touch, every note ringing out quick and sharp, true and clear; yet with an undertone of calmness and power flowing through all. Perfection in the whole, and so in all, is the truth emphasized everywhere in the author's many and lucid illustrations of the law of parallels or counterparts. "The false implies the true," he says; "chaos, order; the word, secrecy,—*the one thing*, order." In occult development the "conditional faith" of the scientist, which suspends judgment, abandons prejudices and intelligently follows up the slightest signs or indications, is advised. If you have seen clairvoyantly at one time, that is to be taken as the leaf on the wave to the mariner, or the color in the rock to the miner. Blind belief is dangerous,--unfitting one to reason or to think, making one fanatical and destroying the powers of discrimination and judgment. Escape from ugliness and discord, from weakness and misery, is to be found

only in escape from the commonplace of half truth, through invocation of Adonai, the higher self, when to the half truth we shall add the other half. The counsel of the oracle of Delphi, here finds new voice and new emphasis. "Pore over self, look into self, analyze self, dissect self; but never shed one tear on the soil of your own soul; if you do, something rank and poisonous will grow with roots so deep that it will take your whole Unit of Force to pull it out." We are reminded, too, of that summing up of Jesus' teaching, "to love the Lord is to love each other," in this Hermetist's teaching. "Your final object is to find yourself, but you can never do it by self-admiration. You never can behold yourself except *in another*. To find the beauty of the subject, you must gaze at the object." The one thing to be desired is imagination controlled by the will, we are told. Why this is so we are shown very conclusively in the chapter on "Imagination;" the way to attain this power of powers being pointed out in the chapters on "Concentration" and "Practice." It is a strange book—poetic, yet practical—pointed, logical and blunt here, suggestive and mystical there. So varied is the style from chapter to chapter that it might be supposed that the work was the product not of one but of several authors, despite the unity of thought and perfection of art shown in its arrangement. The style here, however, is the thought itself, the man an amanuensis in each instance of the spirit yielding his hand in implicit obedience to its moving. (Small 4to cloth, 188 pp., $1.00. R. A. Baumgardt & Co., Los Angeles, Cal.; The Temple Publishing Co., Denver.)

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NOTES.

The Father of His Country has always been considered a very practical person. His sterling common sense, patience, prudence and perseverance have formed the side of his character impressed on our minds by the average

historian and biographer. Yet it is known to the few that Washington was seer as well as soldier and statesman,—Master Mason of advanced degree and occultist of rare development. Of particular interest at the present time is the brief but interesting record of a vision in the astral shown to Washington at a critical moment in the revolutionary struggle and in which he saw clearly the future of the republic, including the present conflict with Spain and its outcome. This record is now published in neat pamphlet form, together with an article on "European Railway Traffic," by Mr. J. C. Heid of St. Louis, Mo., who will send a copy free to any reader of THE TEMPLE who will write for it.

Fords, Howard & Hulbert of New York announce a selection of suggestive passages from Epictetus, Emerson, George Eliot and Browning, compiled by Jeanne G. Pennington and to be published under the title "Don't Worry Nuggets: Bits of Ore Gathered from Rich Mines." It will be a convenient pocket volume daintily bound and sold at 40 cents. Following Rev. Theodore F. Seward's "Don't Worry," Horace Fletcher's "Menticulture" and Dorothy Quigley's "Success is for You," this publication affords suggestive evidence of the spread of the new thought in various forms; emphasizing the fact that the central idea of the new thought—its quietism and poise—is really as old as philosophy itself and has been voiced in varying form by the great and good of all ages. "Don't Worry" clubs and teas, it is reported, have become the fashionable fad in New York and Boston's uppertendom. While those of us who have been studying and practicing mental science for years will be a little surprised to find ourselves "in the swim," so to speak, we must rejoice to know that "the style" is catching up with us and that the philosophy of uniting practice and preaching is becoming "up-to-date."

Subscriptions for any publication reviewed in these pages will be received by The Temple Publishing Company at publisher's price and have prompt attention.

"THE LIVING CHRIST"

SOME PRESS OPINIONS.

The Kingdom (Minneapolis):

The book is worth reading. There are things said in new ways and put in new lights that really illuminate. The spirit of the author is admirable and his persuasion of his truth is without wavering.

Atlanta Constitution:

"The Living Christ" is the most recent religious publication of note. It deals with the immortality of the soul and the second coming of Christ. The author is the apostle of a new religious movement. The central idea of this is contained in the startling assertion that humanity is now about to realize as a general condition the power of perpetuating life in every-increasing fullness, strength and beauty, in indefinite prolongation of youth. There is a peculiar theory in this new volume.

We hardly imagine that the author's line of thought will win any very large acceptance. Nevertheless, the book is worth reading. There are things said in new ways and put in new lights that really illuminate. The spirit of the author is admirable and his persuasion of his truth is without wavering.

Twentieth Century (New York):

The conclusion to which Mr. Tyner comes is that we believe in death simply as we believe in so many other delusions. Thinking we must die, we die. Every man knows that he can contract a disease by simply thinking he is doing so. Nay, there is a case on record of a man who lay under a tree forty-eight hours firmly persuaded that it had crushed both his legs by its fall. When help came his legs were found intact and not even scratched.